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# The Mausoleum:

WITH CONSEQUENT

# DREAMS AND REFLECTIONS

CONCERNING

# DEATH, THE GRAVE,

AND

# OUR INTERMEDIATE STATE,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

BY

AMRAPHEL.

RESURGAM IN ASTRIS.

*SECOND EDITION.*

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# EXORDIUM.

The humble tribute, devoted, at the beginning of these serious reflections, to the memory of a late Illustrious Prince, is here alluded to simply for the purpose of lamenting that, sincerely as we respected his domestic virtues, and admired his public character, we were unfortunately not able better, and more suitably, to express our feelings.

A certain degree of melancholy and consequent solemnity reigns throughout the following verses, independently of their sacred object; because the first stanzas, having impressed us with deep sympathy and commiseration, we continued mentally and painfully referring to the principal cause of our lucubrations.

Death, our Intermediate State, and Eternity are inseparably allied subjects for profound and self-concerning contemplation.

It may have been observed that, regarding the construction of several of the poems, a variety of metrical lines has been adopted, perhaps too freely, respecting which we crave the indulgence of our Readers: it was for the purpose of rendering a little more readable, pages which, by many, are reckoned uninviting, when they are not altogether disheartening and repulsive.

We hope the introduction of such an apparently innocent novelty in poetic literature, will not be unkindly interpreted. Our sincere desire was not to

claim the empty merit of originality, but zealously to select some new path, along which inquirers might be pleasantly conducted to the Land, so long sought, so seldom adopted when found, of intellectual conviction.

The views taken here touching doctrinal topics have not been ventured on without mature deliberation. Many years have passed away more or less occupied with scriptural readings; conversational information, collected from learned divines; researches made among the theological writings of our best ancient and modern philosophers. And still, absorbed were we in that one fixed idea of an Intermediate Existence, intimately combined with predetermined Universal Salvation, mercifully designed by All-sufficient Grace, existing with God " before all worlds."

Sincerity being the sacred basis of " pure " Christian Faith, far be it from us to have the slightest intention of levelling any of our observations, on religious matters, against any denomination of Believers.

We cannot help thinking that a vast number of erudite and good men, look upon the saving general results of Divine Redemption as we do. Indeed, we have had the honor and happiness of being acquainted with deeply-read clergymen who have privately acknowledged their participation in our doctrinal persuasion.

A well-digested and carefully arranged treatise on the important data, forming the principal basis of our manifold arguments, is in preparation. We shall respectfully wait until the Oligarchy of the " Press " have done us the honor of considering our *opusculus* deserving, or not, to be noticed, before we presume to

complete it. A writer may indulge in the private verbal publication of certain dogmas of an innocent tendency, but he has no right to violate public opinion, especially by printed investigations concerning religious tenets and creeds.

* * * * *

Our repeated delight, on witnessing the magnificent phenomena, which usually accompany the glorious rise of our spring and summer suns, had been so intensely felt, during those most opportune hours for holy meditation, that we could not resist offering our friends a few lines of descriptive details in this appropriate place. He who sincerely wishes to adore the Almighty at the fane before which all earthly grandeurs wane into contemptible insignificance, should seek such entrancing scenes as Early Dawn; should ramble at eve, with pious aspirations filled, where the Light of Day, slowly vanishing behind beautiful screens of mountains and hills, retires in placid grandeur, with renewed promises, never broken, like a benevolent friend, with countless blessings more, to return.

May the Dawns and the Departing Days we have, for many years past, so frequently courted and admired, produce in our Readers that increase of Love and Faith, which cannot fail, as it did within our own edified and transported soul, to make Providence better known to them; Omnipotence more formidable; Divine Mercy more intimately felt!

* * * * *

Unfortunately for the present era, turbulent nations have of late made the perusal of revolutionary accounts quotidian pastimes, nothing need therefore be said in

this part of our Introduction relatively to the horrors depicted in our metaphor.

It is not, however, the fate of every author to have been an eye-witness and a sufferer in the very midst of rebellious massacres and decapitations—It was ours!—We have seen a large portion of what we have attempted to describe—We were at Brussels, when Marat was sitting there enthroned in the Civic Hall. We were in Paris, when the prisons, turned into slaughter-houses, became the capacious unconsecrated graves of unshriven slain!

* * * * *

After "Young's Night Thoughts," no one will suppose that we could be so bold as to attempt treading in the same unparalleled footsteps. Consequently our Star-Light must be kindly considered under a perfectly different aspect.

We own to our thorough conviction that the whole expanse of the starry regions represents a boundless space, occupied by celestial habitations, wherein mysterious spirits dwell; souls in their intermediate state sojourn awhile; fallen angels await their many probationary destinies.

What harm is there to suppose that spheres of such enormous dimensions, for thousands of years past existing, and still likely to exist for thousands of years more, were created, as Heavenly Auxiliaries, by the Most High towards the ultimate completion of His most merciful design of universal regeneration and reintegration of Souls, through Jesus Christ?

AMRAPHEL.

# DREAMS AND REFLECTIONS

CONCERNING

# DEATH, THE GRAVE,

AND

# OUR INTERMEDIATE STATE.

## INTRODUCTORY AUTHORITIES.

" To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—Aye, there's the rub;
For, in that sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Most gives us pause:"

SHAKSPEARE.

" Dieu se lève, et soudain sa voix terrible appelle
De ses ordres secrets un ministre fidèle,
Un de ces esprits purs qui sont chargés par Lui
De servir aux humains de conseil et d'appui;
De Lui porter leurs vœux sur leurs ailes de flamme,
De veiller sur leur vie et de garder leur âme."

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

" Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—HEBREWS, i. 14.

" Joseph was warned by God in a Dream."—MATT. ii.

" God came to Abimelech in a Dream."—GEN. xx.

# THE MAUSOLEUM.

## ACROSTIC EPITAPH.

T The Veil Sepulchral fell, this world appalling,
P Prince, prematurely turn'd to humble dust!...
H Her tears, in torrents mute, before Thee falling;
R Relics of vows, thou didst so well to trust.

E Eternal now, yet faithful still, may be,
I In both your hearts, a pure communing kept...
M Mercy is great, for sever'd such as Ye:
N No harm, then, let assail the Lov'd Ones left!

A A Husband still, a Father fond thou art;
C Constant Wife, and devoted Mother, She...
U Uniting earthly with celestial part,
E Each One, to those bereft, a Blessing be!

S Sacred Memorial, purest Love's Last Gift:
A Assuage the grief; the sorrows mitigate
O Of Mourners, doom'd by Loss so dire and swift,
L Long to be crush'd, alas! and desolate.

L Lessons like these are, sometimes, sent to guide
B Belov'd of noble birth, on their career:
E Emblem Paternal, cheer them, even chide;
E Entice to pious steps; make virtues dear!

U Urge Him to weal; help Them the meed to see,
R Reserved for those, whom Heaven's rich graces fill...
M Make Britons thank their God for sending thee,
T Their Truest Friend, their Benefactor still!

## WAIL.

Hard Fate, on mortals cast!...That Bliss,
Of earthly birth, just such as THIS,
Should, when entrancing most, be swept
Across oblivion's waste, and kept,
As land-mark dread, to fix the bourn
Where creatures blest are left to mourn!...

## COMMISERATION.

O! weep not that your friends are gone!
Would that we were departed too!
To human woes we all are born...
Ah! well to die,
We all should try
What we can do!

We, too, our own belov'd have lost...
And shall, such lov'd ones, lose again.
On life's wide ocean, what myriads toss'd,
Who long would weep,
Were their last sleep
But slumbers vain!

But when the vital thread is snapped,
Of One, from whom 'twas death to part,
In whose affections we were wrapped;
We then can't see
What else can be
A keener smart!

Let those bewail, each in his way,
The spirit that so soon has fled.
The hardest fate's on earth to stay,
When we're bereft,
And sadly left
Fond tears to shed!

All generations die in turn;
And all are sure to pass away.
We may for earthly blessings yearn...
'Tis just the same;
All's but a name;
Act as we may.

These, joyfully; those, mers'd in grief;
Both, high and low, but eke out days.
Then, like the wither'd willow leaf,
Must reach the ground,
Where each was found,
And each decays!

# CONDOLATORY PROEM

TO THE

# DWELLINGS OF THE DEAD.

## Supplication.

Illustrious Mourner, be pleas'd to accept
  These tributary sighs, concomitant
  Elegiacs, to the doleful, truthful plaint
Breath'd in th' acrostic dirge, just felt and wept?...

'Tis kind to prove, by monumental token,
  And costly piles, each one, his loyal zeal:
  We can't materialize the grief we feel,
But tell our woe, by mournful accents broken.

## Allusion.

O! rare Example of a sovereign's faith!
  Misanthropist, destroy thy venom'd tongue...
Malignant hinds, behold!—In loftiest ranks,
  A Queen's, a Prince's virtues may be sung!

To regal pledges true; in nuptial duties,
  By none excelled, the fondest of the realm:
No subject found, with talents more refined
  No monarch known, who better guides the helm!

O! dismal Fate!—So well by One assisted!
  To lose both, Mentor and the best of friends!
How paint a Widow's, how a Mother's woe?...
  Death parted—Death will also make amends!...

## Moral.

When sudden dissolution snaps asunder
  Earth's mortal tenements, to set us free;
  We should another proof of Goodness see:
For Loving-kindness, such, surpasses wonder.

Whate'er our palmy states, our fortunes seem;
  Eternal joys, no better to endure
  Than wordly ones, howe'er they may allure,
We, wiser soon, must endless tortures deem.

Yes, Those we love, from our sides may be torn,
  At times we least expect the fatal blow:
  From temp'ral homes, mysteriously, they go
To Lives, unlimited by eve or morn!

Or good, or bad, our mundane paths, 'tis gain
  Incalculably great, prepared to leave...
  But one short life, will teach man not to grieve
For woes terrestrial and flesh-felt pain.

O! ye, who read these sympathetic lines,
  Read further still the proofs we give, to learn
  Why tribulations smart, why passions burn,
And suff'ring, here, with future bliss combines.

# DWELLINGS OF THE DEAD.

## REFLECTIONS.

*First Series.*

To Die!...not thence to Sleep; but thence to Wake:
To things eternal, sound and spotless, WAKE!

Entombed, Thou think'st thy peaceful time hath dawned:
Deluded Mortal!...Read the Book of Truth!
Those fateful pages tell of states, so rife
With restless motion, and existence new,
That human life, to after-life compared,
Is earthly movement, dull, of slothful wheel,
Liken'd to whirl of sphere, in swiftest orbit
Revolving!...
No! Thy Grave's the threshold dark,
Through which, condemn'd, thou art to pass, in form,
Mysterious, more than all thou canst conceive.
When Flesh, of sense deprived, inert and cold,
No longer stirs, a sacred Vestibule,
Th' unsentient mass receives, its DWELLING PLACE;
Its habitacle; till, relentless Time,
Crumbling, aye! pulverizing stone like bone,
Commingles Dwellers, and their Dwellings, with...
Almighty God!...with that absorbent Mould,
THOU hast made—parent, and the nurse of all:
Destroyer too, how strange! of all Thou'st made!

A Vestibule at first, and next, a Dwelling Place!...
Mark well the fact, replete with moral stern.
The Soul, disrob'd in One, beyond this ball,
Takes wing for realms of purest love and bliss,
Or, hurled adown th' unfathom'd void, awaits
The fatal knell of universal doom.

## Interposition.

### *A Warning.*

What Angel Sounds are those?...

" A warning from the skies!"

The Voice divine replies:

" When the wind northward blows,
" Dost thou know where it goes?

" Then, foolish man, dare not,
" So rash, to hint at things unknown:
" Too wise, when once a man has grown,
" Endanger'd most becomes his lot!"

" Yet wait!...by supplications, well expressed,
" Thou may'st the lore obtain, that suits thee best;
" Some favoured seers have secrets caught by stealth,
" Outweighing far high rank, great fame, and wealth...
" No creed offend; no feelings wound; then start,
" Allowed to tell thy tale, to act thy part.
" The sacred ground thou tread'st, unsafe may be...
" Humbly, thy thoughts reveal, and trust in ME!"

### Thanksgiving.

O! may my grateful thanks above ascend!...
With help so strong, my course must safely run.
Success, from temp'ral springs, there can be none...
On Those alone, who pray, Bless'd Gifts descend!

* * * * * *

## REFLECTIONS.

*Second Series.*

Within the Dwelling Place, thou knowest full well
How, part from part, asunder decomposed,
Becomes so changed, so disfigured and null,
That sceptics, woe to them; unless they wake!
Set Resurrection Last, as false, aside.
Know'st thou, besides, a wonder greater still?
That human Flesh, in pyramids concealed,
Or burnt, within sarcophagi of old,
Nay, earlier much, interr'd with hapless Eve's
And Adam's spoils, to Life has oft returned?
Return'd to live, and die, and live again!...
Each herb, each tree that grows, each man and beast,
By mould'ring Death, in course of time, assists
To form a huge amalgamated Store,
For vital sparks and human souls, to choose
Their Garments in...
O! what a Dawn of Grace
Was that momentous Morn, on which was seen
Th' embodied earth, a human form assume!...
Commencement of Redeeming Love, evinced
By canc'lling Death, the Greatest Boon of all!!

### Incidental Apostrophe.

In sacred Shell consigned, of late departed,
Humblest Remain, on whom, the coldest hearted
Dare not to sneer, much less presume to rail.
Though bare's the soil, that owns thy home-shed frail;
The Great around, the Rich, the Haughty dwell,
In homes, no better, now, than thy poor shell!
See'st Thou, at last, that earthly joys are short?
The happiest life of man?...A piteous sport!...
We all, to This, must come: none can escape,
Whate'er his rank, his name, his giant shape.
Brief is the space of years, to men assigned,
Gifted or not with wealth, with might or mind...
But wealth and might, e'en talents rare, bring pangs,
Not one like thee can know, sharp, deep-struck fangs,
By mental pain, inflicted on his heart,
Who never felt, before, the slightest smart.

### Consolation.

None leaving, save survivors, used to pain,
Th' indigent die, while Death, for them, is gain!
Sad Gain! alas! as well, to friends around,
Who find one less to feed, above the ground...
Fare ye well, then, whose present homes admit
The glorious hope of being call'd, to sit,
By His Right Hand, who loved both young and poor;
Having endured, Himself, a vast deal more.

## REFLECTIONS.

*Third Series.*

Unfathom'd Nature, pregnant Mysteries scan!
What is this Pause, in certain Death?...that myth,
Now fixed and proved, wherein th' immortal soul,
Through forms ethereal, and material, moves
In Mediate States, unmeant to be supine?
Most bounteous Signs!...In Graves and Tumuli,
May we not see, just such as God's own goodness,
Most infinite, hath vouch'd, of old, to grant?
FORGIVENESS, past all Christian ken!...To fallen,
And, falling men!...
May we not, grateful, speak?
May we not figurative language use,
To stamp on those, who venture still to doubt,
This Truth, this Fact, most undeniable,
That GRACE ABOUNDS, that LOVE BY FAR EXCEEDS
ALL FAITH MAY HOPE, ALL HOPE IS TAUGHT TO TRUST IN:
Justice impartial, to whom Sacred Writ,
A fabled Story seems—with Mercy tempered,
To whom, "THE TRIUNE" on th' Eternal Throne,
Is earthly Bond and everlasting Bliss?
This, by Death, to make plain, and final Dust,
Heaven permit?.....

* * * * * *

SATANIC CHORAL TRIUMPH.

"Permit indeed! Thou may'st be sure, 'tis Right!
"With Doctrines stale, 'tis base to side!...
"Bold Opposition, Friend, 's a noble fight!
"Straight at the Foe, thy charger ride!"

*Recitative.*

" Come, Ye, bright Choristers, proclaim
" This glorious Hero's growing fame:
" Bold opposition's noble fight;
" Let all our friends, in songs unite...
" Sing loud in praise of doctrines new:
" Stout champions are exceeding few!
" Straight at the Foe, your chargers ride;
" With doctrines stale, 'tis base to side!"

*Sung by single voice:—The Fiend's.*

" A Jubilee sing;
" Each one, on the wing!
" Good tidings are spreading on earth
" Of forthcoming gladness and mirth!
" In Death, no more sting!
" A Jubilee sing!...

" Each Grave is a temporal place,
" For vital existence, when fled,
" Abandoning matter, just dead,
" To take a new garment and run a new race."

*Chorus.*

" Bold Opposition, Friend, 's a noble fight!
" Go forth, for We are thine, O! valiant knight!
" Straight at the Foe, thy charger ride;
" With doctrines stale, 'tis base to side!
" 'Tis base to side!"

## INVOCATION FOR AID.

Are words, presumptuous like those, to guide
Frail Mortals' doubtful, trembling steps?...Decide,
O! Thou, whose sympathy, so like divine,
Does, erring thoughts, and wand'ring minds incline?...
Reflections, such as mine, herein presumed,
May they, with due submission, be resumed?...

* * * * * *

### Exposition.

Through undiscovered paths, to find a mean,
Whereby to solve, with reverence, a Dream,
On human reason stamp'd, but once before.
In ideal states, imagined oft of yore,
To witness proofs, that Love divine redeems
Rejected souls, for whom no Ransom seems.
By Facts, existing since the world began,
Show why stern Death's the kindest friend of Man.
Such are the themes, on which these lines may dwell:
Shall they no further run?...Great Mentor, tell?...

* * * * * *

## REPLY.

" Hast thou not read that evil spirits wait,
" As well as Angel-friends, on sinful man?
" The scoffing chant, to which thy prayer alludes,
" Is praise derisive, sung to lead thee wrong.

" So laugh and sing the false, to cheat their friends:
" A dang'rous throng, abounding most in towns
" Where flatt'ry reigns; but, most of all, where gold
" And rank predominate...The bribe avoid!
" 'Tmight glad thy mind; thy soul 'twould surely soil!
" In good time, pray, remember this: Advice
" On thee bestow'd, by whom thou know'st as pure,
" And holy prone, instant, thou shouldst adopt:
" In acting well, by no delusion stopped!
" Whate'er thou speakest, speak, with motives good!
" Unfitly fed, thy mind?...seek better food:
" A BOOK there is, for pious lore, by none
" On earth excelled—its pages read, and LEARN...
" For sounder laws, believe! Thou need'st not yearn.
" All thou attemptest forth, 'twill be well done:
" Thy Christian's course, thou canst not better run."

* * * * * *

## INTERLOCUTION.

" To mortal eyes, so brightly shown,
" Though God's most marv'llous works outshine,
" By countless folds, all deeds divine,
" Of gods and men, who ever shone;

" Though minds mayn't know those Titles claimed
" By HIM, whose pow'r and wisdom reach
" Beyond the utmost bounds, men's speech
" To kings assigns and heroes famed;

" Though HE, in myst'ries deep be veiled,
" So that no mortal thought can mete
" His worth, His attributes complete,
" By learning weighed, or science scaled;

" Why shouldst thou not, WITH PIOUS CARE!
" Thy rational solutions speak?
" On holy themes, new judgments seek,
" And facts, with problems dark, compare?"...

But fears my soul dismay, lest reas'nings should
Turn Right to Wrong, make Evil seem like Good?

" Thou need'st not dread, as long as, loving Right,
" Unknown to thee, perchance, thou choosest wrong:
" He 's guilty, who, with pen profane, doth write,
" To suit the vicious, please the guilty throng!"

My longing's to indite what best may show,
That Potency divine and heavenly Love
In thought, in word, in deed, are far above
What men may think, express, or do below:

What men may think, of God-Creator, first;
What men may say, of God-the-Saviour, next;
How men may act, by Trinity perplexed,
Regarding SOULS REDEEM'D and SOULS ACCURSED!

* * * * * *

" Bless'd be thy Labors then!...Nor fancy spare;
" Nor shun imaginative flights, to tell
" Of wonders, none can ever laud too well!
" T' interpret Death, thou seem'st designed to dare."

## REFLECTIONS.

*Fourth Series.*

### Homage.

Ye, venerated burial Caves of old;
Huge catacombs, and subterranean vaults;
From Saint Sebastian's Holy Graves, to those
Of ancient Rome, and Syracuse the Great;
Aye! those include, besides, of modern days,
Not less deserving note...far-famed Lutetia's,
And Mighty Albion's crypts, where lie the bones,
The evanescent dust of men, renowned
For words and deeds, more evanescent still.
Incarnately renascent, perishing
And living Globe, wherein the dust of ages,
So oft, has powdered down and disappeared,
Perpetu'lly to reappear again:
Hereby, we gratefully salute ye all!...

## THE DREAM.

### Creation.

Most wond'rous scene!...
Deep, soundless gloom o'erveiled
Void, universal space!—Time, none could name,
For none was there...When, sudden, fell a Voice,
Predestinating Birth of Future Life,
Throughout that gloom; predestinating birth
Of Death, as well, and resurrection Last!

That Voice was Triune, and triune th' effect produced.
A gleam illumined vast, immeasurable,
Quick'ning Immensity.—O! mighty throes!
Miraculous production of?...A WORLD!
The Heavens and the wide seas, dry land with trees,
And all those things, that grow and germinate,
Into perfection sprang. Five setting suns,
Creation's marv'lous works beholding, ceaseless,
Proclaimed those "Labors" done: the sixth not dawned!
The BLESSED SIXTH!...Momentous to Mankind,
More, infinitely, than the whole amount
Of earthly Weal!

* * * * * *

A dazzling Centre shone
Amidst the sapphire-coloured clouds of night;
Prismatic hues and tints were, not alone,
To deck that beaming, radiant flood of light.

There hover'd round, in myriad circles spread,
Angelic forms, with adoration, kneeling;
Seraphic melodies, their accents shed
On prayers, through choirs celestial, softly stealing.

Beneath, apparently compelled to hide,
Vast myriads more of "other forms" stood still...
Their Chief, vindictive, his dark malice plied,
Each, with wrath and malevolence, to fill.

* * * * * *

The FIFTH DAY closed, THE VOICE had said 'twas GOOD!
Good, as the four preceding days had been!...
But wonders, far surpassing all that could,
By Heaven's bright hosts be hoped, were not yet seen.

Each living thing, on earth, at present moving,
Had serv'd His ranks to thin, whose name is "Fiend:"
From whom, no good proceeds, that's worth approving;
By whom, no soul was e'er from evil weaned!

Alone, he stood at last, except a fav'rite band,
Who, like himself, eternal hate selected;
Preferring much, 'gainst Heaven's commands, to stand,
And, spite salvation, strive to blast th' elected.

* * * * * *

## Sixth Day of Creation.

O! Day of days!...Be hail'd thy glorious rise!
How beauteous grow the roseate orient skies!...
Ye stars, farewell! Adieu! thou, Globe so white;
Benignly hung, to serve, as lamp of night!
Where dost thou go, withdrawing thus from day
Thy modest face? 'Tis plain!...Each beaming ray,
Eclipsing more thy placid charms, tells thee,
Another globe, thy Rival's soon to be;
And, there He comes, the Lord of mortal life!
Betwixt whom and night, never ending strife
Must e'er exist—Thus Good and Evil, meeting,
Are constantly seen, clashing and competing.
What green umbrageous trees! What limpid streams!
What undulating slopes, o'er which those beams
Delight to rove! Perfection of Creation....
Defying art, inviting contemplation!
All Living Things, save Man, ye skies, behold!...

Then, see, those creatures meet, in friendly play,
Disporting all, innocuous and gay...

Dolphins with swans in rivers, here, carousing;
Young lambs with tigers, there, conjointly housing.
There's not an atom seen; there's not a note,
By piping bird e'er sung, or warbling throat;
There's not a leaf, there's not a grassy blade,
A solid inch, a fluid drop, HE BADE,
But now, this Day, THE SIXTH, is call'd "Well done:"
O! wait until we reach the setting sun!...

* * * * * *

## REFLECTIONS.

*Fifth Series.*

### MOTIVE AND PURPOSE.

These, thy miraculous conceptions, Lord
Supreme, must have a cause, involve an aim!
Goodness extreme, stern Justice, and a Wisdom,
Incomprehensible to human minds,
Lead us, reflective servants of thy Will,
Blest instruments, and creatures of thy Love,
From Christian zeal, and earnest wish, not merely
Ourselves, the better to appreciate Thee,
But, furthermore, to make Thee known, transcendent,
Throughout this universe...
Who can compute
The feeblest part of that amount, whereby
God's attributes are reckoned yet on earth?...
A meritorious act it must then be
To trace out proofs, to bring forth facts, attesting
That, where His Mercy seems to reach a bound,
Unlimited, it then o'erflows, in floods
Of ALL Forgiving Grace...

Canst Thou declare
That suff'ring animals and tortur'd beasts,
And all those living things He call'd to life,
Saying, "THEY WERE GOOD," were produced to perish,
Without benev'lent motive or design?...
Canst thou declare, uncompromising sophist,
That compensation NONE'S to be their meed?
And yet, an all-sufficient way there is,
To reconcile injustice, seemingly
Intentional, with Goodness, strikingly
Conspicuous; a way most militant,
It would be base, from dread, to set aside,
Devotedly full fraught with faith, to choose.

* * * * * *

## REVERENT INQUIRIES.

Save "the Fiend," and his minions, wholly lost,
May not, INCLUDED BE, great multitudes,
Less criminal, of THOSE, expelled from Heaven's
Vast realms, to pass th' incarnate ordeals, fixed
On creatures, human and promiscuous?
Are we, so deep imbued with Christian Faith,
Our estimates of Mercy's boundless means
To circumscribe, and, selfish, say: so far,
And, not an atom further, shall extend
DIVINE REDEEMING LOVE?...
Is God, alone
The God of Man? Of FALLEN ANGELS, Lord
Implacable, and unforgiving Judge?
Of things that breathe and feel, besides, a foe;
To kind commiseration deaf? No! No!!
No!!!
Has not that God once said: O! "FATHER," mine,
"FORGIVE THEM; FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

And did not that God's prophet, long before,
Declare that " to the LORD our God belong "
Great " MERCIES AND FORGIVENESSES, although
" We have rebell'd against him; neither have
" Obey'd the voice of the Lord our God."...
Then,
Why not, impartially, and, with intentions
Most reverential, fitly note and seize
Suggestions, purporting a thousand fold,
Aye! multiplied by twice ten thousand times
Ten thousand more, to make appear immense,
His Triune Mercy, erst presiding o'er
That FIAT WORD, which, last of all, was heard,
O! most paternally forgiving Love! to say:
" LET US MAKE MAN IN OUR" own " LIKENESS" too!

*The Dream continued.*

## FIRST MAN.

Effulgent Glory! though thy presence tells
HE now is " there;" celestial fragrant smells
Perfume the Garden through, and indicate,
HIS final task, this day, the Good and Great
JEHOVAH'S set himself...
Afar and near,
With deep amazement filled; without a fear;
Behold! how congregate all living things!...
In circles drawn, still wider grow their rings,
Whilst angels bright, in radiant smiles attending,
These, fixing here; those, further still extending;
A broad arena leave, whereon a mound,
Conspicuous, is seen, by all around.—

* * * * * *

Seraphs and cherubim are hov'ring o'er
The marv'lous scene—Ethereal spirits more
Are thronging, emulous, to hymn His praise,
Whose ruling Will, the universe obeys...
Other spirits, too, by lurid mists concealed,
Reduced, discarded band, but half revealed,
Impatiently, and horror struck, await
Their DEATH-DEPRIVED, interminable fate.
Conceive a summer sky, with beauty spread;
All murky clouds, all dingy vapors fled;
The joyous earth, adorn'd from pole to pole,
Deep quaffing bliss, from peace o'erflowing bowl;

Then next descry those "fatal specks," by black
And fierce typhoons, as fell precursors sent:
The picture may, though faint, but little lack,
To paint that hidden Band, on mischief bent.

* * * * * *

A seeming Wall of flames now guards the Mound;
And Glass, like crystal waves, flows round the wall.
Both, beasts and birds are still; there's not a sound,
Save, in the welkin vague, some trumpet call...

Some trumpet call, well-known Archangel Blast,
To which, th' angelic hosts, in haste, respond;
At which, the Dead themselves will wake aghast,
To hear their doom, and know there's none beyond.

* * * * * *

Sudden, there rose a violent wind, which tore
The quaking earth—Fork'd lightnings flashed anon;
And rocks were cloven through—A deaf'ning roar,
From things unseen, and thunder claps came on.

"A STILL SMALL VOICE," and soon, a Second spoke;
A Third, in sound the same, but louder each
Than that which first did speak, the silence broke:
Full calm now reign'd, as bade the "STILL SMALL SPEECH."

Debate, most inconceivable!...ONE Lord
With TWO conversing—POWER and LOVE DIVINE,
And JUSTICE, striving hard to meet accord:
The Three in One, REDEEMING LOVE, combine...

And Man's the glorious Theme!—O! Heavens above!
Loud Hallelujahs sing!...The EQUAL THREE,
In ONE KIND SAVIOUR JOIN: Most Boundless Love!
Let Joy be echo'd round, and holy Glee!
"SO GOD CREATED MAN."—*Gen.* i. 27.

* * * * * *

The wall of flames, the waves, had pass'd away:
Celestial forms, though still allow'd to stay,
Invisible to mortal eyes, on clouds,
Immovable awhile, recline in crowds;
Sweet symphonies afar, were heard, subdued;
All living things, with wonder, seem'd imbued.
There, on the Mound, a BEING stands! His face
Most radiant; His bright SELF, all virtues grace...
No human charms, no Godlike feature wanted,
To make HIM loved, admired, widely chanted.
Another Being's there; so like in frame,
The images, of both, appear the same:
Yet ONE commands, and One obeys! 'Tis HE,
The LORD OF HOSTS, the Mighty God you see.
In Adam's nostrils, now, He breathes the Breath
Of human Life, a Man Complete; till Death?...

## REFLECTIONS.

*Sixth Series.*

Till Death, forsooth!...since, good although it seems
To live, far better 'tis most times, to die.
Long lives, the happiest known, are tedious paths,
Through which, men, fearful, thread their slipp'ry way.
Each birth implies an end; each end, a birth:
For, further Lives, or long or short, foreknown
Or fore-ordained, by Whom all things were good,
Are good, and shall be good, HE will'd and made;
And further Deaths, since that of Abel first,
To that of him who shall expire last,
Were all, are all, and all will surely be,
The destin'd causes, and the fated ends
Of GRACE incalculable, and LOVE infinite.
Before the Universe, its vast existence
From God received, the TRIUNE SPIRIT KNEW
The length and breadth, the purpose and the fate
HE meant, each system, far and near, immense,
And, by comparison, minute, as share
Appropriate, from Heaven's laws should obtain...
HE knew that Angels, lured from rectitude,
By deep satanic snares, would so imperil
Their blissful state, that stern necessity
Would make expulsion, first inevitable,
Perchance, hereafter, awful and eternal.
HE knew that intermediate creatures, frail
And tempted too, must fall, and fall again,
Making destruction of this Earth, by flood,
As by fire too, the fruit of long transgressions,
His Justice could not pardon, unatoned.

And He well knew that fallen angels, like
Fallen mankind, could never be redeemed,
Be purified, regenerate, and saved,
Without?...That all-sufficient Sacrifice:
Th' Immaculate Messiah Crucified!!!
This knowing, what may we not be allowed,
Most innocently, to conclude?...With Prescience,
Omnipotence, Benevolence, combined,
Foreshadow clear impossibility to prove
That more than One shall "finally" be lost!
Eternally and unredeemably
Condemn'd and Lost.
No, No!...'Tis Satan's doom
Which "never" is to be reversed—That fell
Deceiver's doom; for which, there's no Redemption;
No compromise, no reconciliation,
Apparently, can be sued for and gained!

## EPILOGUE.

Until now, persevering Reasoner, thou,
Both shrewd and circumspect, hast kept thy course;
Too positive thy statements grow...Take heed!
'Mong mysteries, some have a "sacred source."

What knowest thou, unknown to Lore of old?...
"Reflect" awhile, on some less holy theme:
Th' Omniscient can thy secret feelings read;
He may be pleased, He may not, with thy dream!

Thy thoughts, I know to be right well inclined;
Await the judgment, Learned Seers will pass.
All thou couldst feel and state, by Them condemned,
As useless dross would seem, and withered grass.

Would that the " Royal name," thou hadst to note,
" So much revered," thrice told, the length had been!...
To what extent, a good man might be praised,
A noble prince be mourn'd, the world had seen.

So loyally, 'twas right to sympathize;
With ONE, by rigid fate, so sorely tried.
Thy plaint was true, thy sorrows and thy sighs;
For England's tears, can, scarcely yet, be dried.

And well " Reflections," such as thine, might spring
From DEATH, so truly hard, and unforeseen...
With glories round, and grandeurs, like a king,
How happy might That earthly state have been!.

* * * * * *

Thy future labors ponder well!
We know th' important topics fixed,
With what important subjects mixed,
And how, Thou couldst excel,
On such details, to dwell.

Let morals good, and faith sincere,
Conduct thy pen, t' indite the truth,
To which, conjoin affectionate sooth;
And make thy motives clear,
Combine with virtues dear.

Like placid lake, with waters bright,
Inviting all to come and drink,
Trees redolent, close by the brink,
And fruit for th' appetite,
Fresh source of great delight.

So are the Thoughts, of men endowed,
O'er pages flowing, rich and full,
Instructive, both, and beautiful,
Rich manna, dropp'd from clouds,
On faint and dying crowds.

* * * * * *

## Farewell.

Be my next errands far or near, a call
Requiring me to thine aid, on this ball,
As lightning flash, shall bring me to thy side.
Though oft, from sphere to sphere, I'm bid to ride,
My special mission's, first, on thee to wait...
So spare not me, when barr'd by doubt or straight!

SEE ANNOTATIONS AND ADDENDA.

# THE WONDERS

OF

# EARLY DAWN,

AND

# DEPARTING DAY.

# THE WONDERS OF EARLY DAWN.

*Scenery: High Mountains; at the back of which, the sun is majestically rising. The Writer has reached the crest of some Hills, opposite.*

## ADDRESS.

Celestial Delegate of Bounty, hail!...
Mountains and valleys, wake; and, humble dale,
Your grateful greetings give to the bright Lord
Of Day!—Stern Darkness, yield; ay! string the chord
Of universal praise, All living things!...

* * * * * *

### Amazement.

The Sun! the sun appears—The king of kings!
Ye warbling tenants of the solitude!
The Sun!...Your hymn begin of gratitude,
And swell th' extatic lay so loud and deep,
That Nature dream, half-buried yet in sleep,
Of anthems, heaven-born, and sacred songs
By seraphs sweetly sung, in constant throngs,
Before the throne of God.

PRAYER.

O, Thou, dear scene
Of Dawning Light! Thou, source, sublime, serene,
Of Contemplation deep, that loves, when sight
Is lost of earth, in thy resplendent Light,
To wake her lute and charm the world away:
Grant me the bliss of basking in thy ray!
Entranced, to see, amidst thy splendid beams,
The footstool of Omnipotence, the gleams
Of awful Godhead!...
Thanks!—The perfect joy
Transports my soul—'Tis bliss without alloy,
And, for one moment such, fair kingdoms, all,
Would seem a recompense minutely small.

* * * * * *

*Observing the steeples and cupolas of a town, in the far distance.*

APOSTROPHE.

Poor Maniacs, come?...Your toilsome pleasures flee:
To yonder brow repair; there, kneeling, see
Display'd the saffron east; see, hov'ring round,
That train of golden forms with purple crown'd!
Gigantic these, and phantom-like, they tread
On beds of down; then, sinking deep in dread
Of yon bright Centre, vanish in the gloom:
Picture sublime, though sad, of human doom.

### Aphorism.

Above the frowns of general wretchedness,
A few may soar: but, seldom happiness,
That earthly states to favoured men afford
The shortest life will last of worldly lord:
Our pleasures flit on the wings of the Fates,
While slow paced woes have awful length of dates.

### Emergence.

Arise, prolific Fount of life!...Pour forth
Thy teeming floods; the south embrace and north
With thy paternal smiles!!! Now, now! ye skies,
Proclaim your king's approach; his glorious rise!

* * * * * *

*Some herds and flocks awake, lowing and baa-ing, in the Valley.*

### Crepuscule.

Yon western curtain draws apace; each ox
Salutes the Dawn; while folds, on distant rocks,
Echo the sound, responding, all, thy praise,
Crepuscule fair! Their heads, t' absorb thy rays,
The little herbs uplift. The tendrils see,
Shaken on breezes mild, now dance with glee.
A Lark, the earliest worshipper of day,
And shame of slothful man, to chirp his lay,
As near to thee, great orb, as altitude
So vast will bear, in his love's plenitude,
Approaches thee;—shine on the priest of birds!

See!...Down the slope of yonder hills, what herds
Descend!...The lake's and river's side they seek,
To quench their thirst. Hear!...As they reach the creek
Where shallow waters flow, with one accord,
Their voice they raise, in homage to the Lord.

* * * * * *

### Reminiscence.

So Levites did of old, when saintly zeal,
Full fraught with love, made pious men to feel
For others' woes, and sacrifice their rest
To public good. Then, early rose the best
Of Israel's holy tribes. Then, soon as light
The dusky hue dispelled of starry night,
Chorister youths, in snow-clad bands, would meet
At Sinaï—a pensive train. Oh, seat,
Favoured of Heav'n—Jerusalem! Where flown
The glories pure, the splendours of thy throne?
Religion's votaries, alas! a cold
Remnant of souls, vitiated now, seem bold
In acts alone of impious wickedness,
Invet'rate foes of fervent holiness.

*A Maiden is noticed going to the brook.*

### Apparition.

What beauteous form, across the silent vale,
With vestments loose, all waving in the gale,
Majestically bears an urn aloft?
Her robes of alabaster white—the soft

Composure of her looks—that placid smile,
That sweetly decks a face without a guile,
And lovely as the Morn, a priestess speak
Of chaste Aurora's court, both fair and meek!
Hark! She sings!—
What harmonious notes vibrate
Upon the list'ning air! They tune, they animate
The sylvan choirs, who seek, in harmony,
To join such pure celestial symphony.

## Personification.

Her sacred words, embodied, seem to glide
Upon the rays of Light, and, side by side,
To take their station 'mong th' angelic throngs,
Who fill the skies with strains of holy songs.
Be still, ye gurgling streams; ye Zephyrs, flow
On wings of down; all breathing things below,
Be mute!...She sings!...Her adoration wild
Could monsters tame, 'twould render tyrants mild,
In midst of regal wrath.—A very child
Such enthusiastic love must feel;
Repeat the holy chant; then, raptured, kneel,
A cherub saint, before the Shrine of Dawn.

## Moral.

Away the scenes you call sublime! forlorn,
Amid your towns, for sights in vain I sigh,
For tawdries meet my saddened seeking eye

In all your streets...Say what's the stately show
Of gorgeous towns, where pride and follies flow
Through channels, numberless as men's conceits,
But fool'ries all, vain baubles, mean deceits.

*Overcome with admiration and pious enthusiasm, the Writer invites the denizens of cities to hasten by his side.*

## EARLY DAWN.

From your dark atmosphere awhile withdraw:
That splendid altar scan—'Tis Nature's Law,
Magnificently complicate, that works
Her daily task; and Christians, Jews, and Turks,
Together, feel her bounteous influence!
She springs from Heav'n; from Heav'n, Omnipotence
She day by day receives, Heaven's Will obeys;
Heav'n's Mercy spreads on earth, and never strays.
The lucid stream o'erflows the valley's bed...
How glow the western plains with brilliant red!
How sparkling riv'lets lave, along the down,
That verdant space, and reach yon very town...
A town! O magic wand of Charmer Light!
Thus mould a stately pile; thus bring to sight
A perfect whole, emerging from the clouds,
And more resplendent grown from out the shrouds
Of night's benignant womb, than if the day
For ever pour'd on earth a whelming ray
Of cruel brilliancy...'Twould strain our eyes,
So constantly to see the vivid dyes
That fill the spacious vault at morning rise:
Hence God, the Lord of Light, his wisdom shows,
Through Dawn of day, through storms, through hails and snows,
As great, profound, and providently kind,
As when the lame he heals or cures the blind.

*Nocturnal vapors slowly withdraw themselves from the now resplendent East.*

DELUSION.

Ay, one by one appear, gaunt relics; ooze
From out the teeming mass of vapours loose,
That swim the air; that writhe in agony;
That throe, to bring forth a fresh progeny
Of palaces and tombs:—Long breed of years;
Man's bootless pride; sad source of all his tears.
Another birth!...Oh! be at peace, my soul!
Thou'lt break the ties of Nature's high control—
'Tis only rosy morn that seeks to outdo
Her former works.—Yon sweep of azure blue,
Bespotted so with vermil tints; that wild
Of sparkling gems; that mass of purple, piled
On masses steep of burnished gold; that waste,
That white expanse of pearls and silver chaste?...
The Heavens are those, that kiss the basking seas—
"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" a Voice once more decrees:
The Light obeys, when sudden, from on high,
Ten thousand rays awake the blushing sky.

*The waning constellations invite the beholder to pious reflections.*

ENTHUSIASM.

Orion's last declining planets sink
Below the verge. Along the vap'ry brink
Of Phœbe's realms, some straggling squadrons, pale,
Still linger on, to skirt the ebon veil
Of Modest Night, askance whose jetty face,
Huge clouds of copp'ry hue their course retrace.

Around, above, beneath, the splendid whole
Astounds my mind, and edifies my soul.
Sing, melancholy Muse, the wonders sing
Of transient DAWN! As once, when Judah's king
His lyre strung, let sacred music sweep
The spacious earth! Go forth, through lands and deep,
Thou, holy Gladness; reach the lowest pulse
Of thrilling life: the torpid stones convulse;
The standing lakes elate; the frigid poles
With fire melt; e'en animate the souls
Most numb'd, with passionate, pious fervor's heat;
Bright flame of Love, in which all natures meet
Of sentimental joy: that plenitude
So great, so warm, of throbbing gratitude!
And, if a WRETCH...
Oh! scornful, cruel name!
By Christian mouth so misapplied, to blame
A sect unfort'nate of deluded minds!
Rather, if heart be found that sophism blinds
Into destructive apathy...Inflame,
Thou, Torch poetic, scorch the torpid frame
Wherein it dwells, and, to that soul impart
The blissful foretaste of a pious heart;
All warmth, all rapture, all joy exquisite,
All glow divine, devotion infinite,
That scenes like these can never fail to pour
Upon the grateful Few, who God adore.

*Trees and plants appear emulously to greet the Morning, now evident to all.*

## MORNING.

The nect'rine dew no longer falls: each green
Little tuft, soon, with vigor proud, is seen

Afar to stretch its greedy stems: the pores,
Expanded wide, receive the precious show'rs
Of teeming day, and triumph seems t' inflate
The pigmy crowd; for shades are scorned, of late
So dearly prized: thus beach, and oak, and lime,
Import'nate grown, seem foes at morning time.—
So seldom wisdom's heard, when pleasures call;
For herbs, like men, are thoughtless till they fall!

*Daylight, odious to guilt.*

REMORSE.

That accent shrill bespeaks the morning cheer
Of Peter's bird.—How oft a pallid fear,
At that awak'ning call, the guilty cheek
O'erspreads! Then, murd'rers, trembling, seek
Dense gloomy groves; or skulk in dreary glen,
Like wolves and bears, to scape the glance of men!
Crime is a coward, whom a shadow frights:
It hates the Day; it only breathes in nights
Of darkest hue! 'Twill cross the torrent surge,
But shrink at human voice; for, like a dirge,
It hears in hollow caves the howling blast
Boding its doom; detects the footsteps fast
Of horrid death, in ev'ry leaf that falls,
Rustling, upon the ground. The shrieking calls
Of owls, are groans that gurgle through the blood
Of men just gored, or infant cries, in flood
Suppress'd, of cherub slain.
Oh! wretched state!
Long days of dread!...Yet, men will bear the weight,
With seeming preference, and live and die,
By choice, sad Monuments of Misery!

### Matin Prayers.

Borne on the wind, sonorous, hear that bell;—
It chimes for matin prayer...Each silent cell,
Soon populate, will pour its share of praise,
And then, the cloister vaults their voice will raise,
Thrilling the peaceful vale with holy lays.
Now, now! th' exulting peal, harmonious breaks;
It moves the pile, and walls, and turrets shakes!
Ay, louder still the chorus grows; the sheep,
Attentive, cease to browse; whilst, buried deep
In seeming reverie, the lambs are still;
For sounds like those all sentient beings fill.

* * * * * *

## NOON.

Hark! how the busy hum of Nature swells!...
Nor pine, nor bush, nor lowly weed but tells,
With smiling looks, the presence of the Morn—
Pervading Glance of God! Exhaustless horn
Of Mercy's gift, that pours from shore to shore,
On all alike, the treasures of its store.
Infinitude of purest, true delight! Conceive
An Area bright of richest hues, that weave
Kind Nature's hands, profusely bountiful
All through the whole.—A fane, more beautiful
Than these, descry, that bounds the distant East,
High blazing altar that completes the feast.
Then, o'er the field stupendous, see yon swarm
Of creatures move, with fresh existence warm;
See, Condescendant Heav'n, that waves aside
Th' obedient clouds, to let the LORD preside,
And Darkness from the Light of Day divide.

*Horsemen and troops are sallying out of the City Gates; Ploughmen are following their teams... Gratitude breathes her fervent thanks.*

## BROAD DAY.

Yon eddies dark that curl through th' ambient air,
And multiply so fast, of men declare
The swift approach. Already furrows deep,
With heavy-laden teams, have banish'd sleep
From th' humble sheds. The lowly village clock,
Reverberating, strikes the neighbouring rock:
Chariots and wains in pompous order move
By yonder gates; and sparkling spears remove,
And steeds caparison'd all doubt of Day:
The dews of rosy DAWN are swept away.

### ADORATION.

To Thee, SUPREME, our praises now ascend,
With crowding glories mixed,
Round BOUNTY'S seat!
Ye earthly natures, ALL, and systems bend,
In adoration fixed,
Beneath HIS feet:
Bright DAWN of Life and SUN of Righteousness;
Who made the Light to glow with fruitfulness,
And men to see
The splendid rays!
O kingdoms, raise,
Your Jubilee!
And, Matter, glow with holiness
And sacred glee!...

'Tis God who made the Sun to rise
'Tis God who stretched th' expanded skies;
'Tis God the Lord we must adore;
Praise God and Light, from shore to shore!

# DEPARTING DAY.

*The Ocean, gradually swelling, bodes a storm. A ship is descried at sea; Minute guns are fired; the sky darkens; a universal moan announces peril and destruction on land, as well as across the foaming main.*

STORM AND WRECK.

Direful scene!
Wide wasting surges sweep the wat'ry plain;
Fork'd fires have rent the sever'd rocks; the main,
High-swollen, mingles with the low'ring clouds,
And cots with towns are wrapt in liquid shrouds;
Strange groans, deep-uttered, 'scape the bowell'd vale,
To peal with howling blasts and rattling hail.
Oh! Dreadful work of desolation, cease!—
But, no: the spirits of the storm increase,
In number as in wrath...The phalanx, wide,
From pole to pole extends; they scorn the pride
Of human arrogance, that dares presume
Its pigmy voice to raise and rule assume.
It seems as if the column'd air would yield;
No longer 'gainst the weighty clouds a shield,
To check the riding ocean. Havoc reigns
O'er the dark earth!—
See, How yon vessel strains
To keep destruction off! How sadly faint
Each awful prayer from th' intermittent plaint!

### The Crisis and the Doom.

Swift gathers on th' impending wat'ry wreck:
Horror and death pervade the crowded deck.
Once more, high up the humid mountain's hurled...
Her anchor's lost; her shrouds are gone, unfurled,
Her tatter'd sails the shiver'd masts invade...
No pilot there; no captain's voice obeyed.
Disorder roars; while phrenzy's horrid yell,
And prayers, and winds the deaf'ning clangor swell.
Down, down, the sinking pennant's vanish'd!...Down,
Sink thus our fairest hopes, soon as the frown
Of mighty Justice low'rs, to punish guilt
Or pride of soul, on pow'r or fortune built.

*Serenity returns; lulled Nature, softly pacified, smiles once more.*

### Calm.

But the wrath of the skies at length's appeased;
Slow move away the clouds: the storm hath ceased...
Mark! through yon western mists, as phantoms dressed,
Red, and majestically retrograde,
How gleams the Light of day!...Still, on the glade
That centres yonder wood, the brilliant Sun,
Serene, and four-fold sized, and fair as none
Can be besides, his parting smile bestows;
Looks kind to th' last, with life still overflows,
And, though these climes he leaves, on other glows.

*Ephemera, congregated under a bower, still lighted up and warmed by a lingering ray, suggest the following fancy:—*

### A Dance.

Above those sparkling blades; beneath that branch;
See, canopied, those pigmy dancers launch...
Refresh'd, they meet the winged throng—Now up,
Now down; now to, now fro, they move; a cup,
Petall'd and gemm'd, the fragrant vivid base;
For scene and light, the levell'd solar rays:
And many, station'd, sip the crystal sphere;
And many, look transfixed, to guard the rear;
And all are beautiful!

### Admiration.

One beam has left,
Advancing fast, the mountain's brow. Through cleft,
Through sundered wrecks of palaces and sheds,
Through vallies and through forests, piercing, spreads
The ruddy sheen. O! how the foliage glistens,
Sprinkled with dew! O! how the Robin listens
To Philomel, and joins the vesper lay,
And sings his evening hymn to dying day!!

*A lonely rambler just crosses the vale; he appears stealthily to avoid the vicinity of man.*

### Rebuke.

Along that path, so solitary sweet,
What stranger roves? His steps and mien replete
With thought?

Ah! why, thus fraught with care,
Misanthropist, dost thou thy hate declare
To th' haunts of men? Is it, be plain, because
Thy fortune frowns?—It frowns, in spite of laws,
On many, many more, the good and pure!
Riches, at best, are trials hard t' endure.
Perhaps, on Thee, the world ingrate, looks cold...
And mourn'st thou so, poor wretch! thy lot, of old,
Aye, still, the lot of all—the lot of Love,
So manifest, so pure, so far above
Thine own, self-evident all through this earth!!

Ingratitude's of gen'ral growth, not worth
Our notice here: it feeds on friendship's dearth,
And shoots so fast, and strikes so deep its roots,
And brings such multitudes of luring fruits
That 'tis become, at last, a standing cate:
The kind grow few; and numberless th' ingrate!

*Encounter of Shade and Light described.*

*Concluding Apostrophe.*

SUN-SET.—MOON-RISE.

Great battle! not of blood...Sun-Setting time!
Fair contest of prolific Lights; sublime,
As beneficial to man; in which Heaven,
By God expanded, to the stars is given,
As boundless field of strife; wide earth, the prize.
Each formidable host his power tries:—
The sea-tide Queen commands her sparkling train
Alone, the king of day, except his Wain,
Transcendantly superb, he deigns to deck
With majesty: a mediatory check
Of roseate mists the fragrant valley's heave,
Whilst northern gleams their mystic feats achieve.

Most marv'lous scene!—'Tis done! Meek beauty reigns;
The skies are veiled; deep grey now grow the plains.
Such are, O man! kind Nature's ceaseless toils,
Her struggles, from the birth of Time, in soils
Remote and near: MAGNIFICENT THE MOST,
WHEN MOST ON HEEDLESS, THANKLESS MYRIADS, LOST!

# THE EVIL SPIRIT

OF

# REVOLUTION.

A METAPHOR.

THE

# EVIL SPIRIT OF REVOLUTION.

A METAPHOR.

Oh! Public Guilt!
Oh! deep and dreadful flood
Of universal tears and human blood!
False zeal, and MOST MISTAKEN LIBERTY!

## THE SPIRIT.

Hid in a cave, with scorpions spread,
And mid the wrecks of reeking dead,
A SPIRIT sat, if spirit be,
The semblance of deformity.
Its Gorgon head, with serpents twined,
And pois'nous weeds of ev'ry kind,
And length of chains, all rusted o'er
With dungeon-damp and horrid gore,
Had on a ghastly look of joy—

The wrathful foe of Fallen Troy
Could not exult more savagely,
When merc'less Greeks and chiefs, with glee,
Mock'd Hector, prostrate at his wain.

Its sunken eyes, fixed on the slain,
That ruthless rage had heap'd around
Would sometimes cast, across the ground,
On Crowns, the spoil of Majesty,
A look of fierce rapacity.

* * * * * *

### Victims.

From underground loud shrieks would rend
The hollow vault, and groans ascend,
From cells of frightful depth, beneath
The Monster's seat...It gnashed its teeth;
It stretched a fiendish grasp at each
Good man, who stood within its reach.
For court, to shout his praise, the Fiend
Had murd'rous mobs, by stealth, convened;
And ever and anon, as fell
Some heroic chief on earth, their yell
Like thunder peal'd...And there were seen,
Midst princely robes, the vests that screen
Pure modesty; and holy things,
And shrouds of late unburied kings,
Had formed a huge and shapeless throne,
Whereon the Demon sway'd alone:—
Racks, wheels, bowls, stakes, on either side,
Fill'd up the measure of its pride.

### Sacrilege.

A Footstool too, he trod, Profane!
Thus dare the "Word of Truth" to stain
With loathsome tread!

### Massacres.

Foul shapes would rise,
Behind the Throne, of monstrous size:
Low reptiles, from vile progeny, sprung
When first, in towns and cities, rung
That Spirit's whoop...Each one of these
His trophy brought. Some held the keys
Of prison gates, that madden'd bands
Had broken down; with lifted hands,
Before the throne, some shook the heads
Of aged men, torn from their beds,
And stabb'd before their children's eyes:
E'en children slain, were deem'd a prize.

* * * * *

### Regicide.

A lurid glare, from blazing brands,
Illum'd the cave; when horrid bands,
Exulting still, came crowding in:—
Anon, was quell'd th' infernal din;
For, boist'rous more than all the rest,
A Phantom thus the mobs addressed:—

" Still bleeding and writhing I've left,
" Dread companions, attend!
" The proudest of nations bereft
" Of a monarch and friend!
" In a well I have thrown
" Scores of nobles I slew!
" There are princes who groan,
" Whom in dungeons I threw!

" And these trappings, you see;
" Late enrobed a proud queen!
" Havoc such ne'er was seen!
" Mortals wish to be FREE.....
" FREEDOM'S SONS, follow me!!"

The roar of billows dash'd on rocks;
The clash of armies met; the shocks
Of elements, by tempests stirred,
As these rushed out, had scarce been heard.

* * * * * *

### DISHONOURED AND SLAIN.

A deep sepulchral silence then
Awhile prevail'd. The Spirit's den
Gave up its dead; long spectral train
Of guiltless souls. But tears were vain,
To move his tyrant heart, who sat
Upon the mound: he, scornful spat
And, hateful, laugh'd at all who seem'd
O'erwhelmed in woe. He leap'd, he scream'd,
With joy convulsed, whene'er he spied
A father's hope, a mother's pride,
Mow'd down in youth; or some poor Thing,
In beauty's prime and purest spring
Of love, defil'd, and flung from life,
The mangled sport of lawless strife.

* * * * * *

### BURNT DOWN AND SACKED.

Far down the Vault, a space outspread
Its area vast: the glare was red

That lighted up whate'er was seen;
For villages and towns had been
Destroy'd, by conflagration there;
To shew Good Men WHAT FREEMEN DARE!

Rich harvests trampled on, or burned;
Fair palaces, that men had earned,
In serving well their country's cause,
Were there, by rough Sedition's laws,
To swift destruction doom'd...All o'er
The wretched land huge scaffolds bore
Continual palls.—

* * * * * *

## BURIED ALIVE.

Wide graves look'd choked
With writhing heaps, together yoked,
And thrown, like slaughter'd herds, half-dead,
To glut each yawning common bed.
Through cities ran a purple tide,
With blood and wine profusely dyed.—
And reeling gangs, to fury wrought,
Experienc'd first the scourge they brought!
Midst flames and crushing masses driven,
Some felt th' avenging arm of Heaven;
Some, with their victims, fell, entombed,
Down horrid pits, for others doom'd.
And many died o'er heaps of gold;
For many had their countries sold.
So meet, all such, or soon or late,
A villain's lot, a traitor's fate.

### Fiendish Delights.

But scenes so tame the Spirit spurn'd;
For woes, intenser still, he yearned...
Thrice, then, he struck, with wrathful stamp,
His awful cave. Thrice, then, the damp
And frightful depths re-echo'd loud
The summoning knell.....
Obedient, bowed
His menial train, a baneful Birth,
That oozed from out the teeming earth,
Of hideous crimes and passions mad,
In human shapes and features clad:—
Low grov'lling throngs Debauch here led,
By Mis'ry got, by Envy bred,
First in Rebellion's chosen bands,
To desolate ill-favoured lands.

* * * * * *

### Democratic Orgies.

And round and round about they whirled;
And bones on bones, in heaps, they hurled;
And Regicides display'd a Tree,
That bore the cap of Liberty!
Beneath this tree, low prostrate, knelt
All such as most in Mischief dealt.
Incontinence and Jealousy,
Held forth with Rape their Jubilee;
Whilst black Revenge and deep Deceit,
Kept round the Cap their orgies sweet.

"TOM PAINE."

Impatient grown, the MONSTER sprang:
With threats and curses deep then rang
That hollow realm...Loud you might hear,
Midst oaths and sacrilegious jeer,
The claims of Justice, intermixed
With RIGHTS OF MAN, by REASON fixed;
Religion's own pure Laws confused
With clam'rous Prayers for boons abused;
Great Ills ascribed t' improper springs;
Mean scoffs at Rule; low jests on kings...

REVOLUTIONARY DEMAGOGUES.

Long scrolls were read, with falsehood filled;
Orations heard, in malice skilled;
Deep Ignorance, new modelling laws;
Effects, traced out without a cause;
Destructive plots, by Treach'ry schemed,
And God's own Providence blasphemed:—
Mad Party 'gainst mad Party swore,
Till, wolf-like, each the other tore!!

* * * * * *

From sundered clouds, by tempests riven,
When swiftest flies the bolt of Heaven,
The lightning sheen's not sooner past,
Nor quicker speeds the hurrying blast,
Than flew those slaves, at His command,
Whose throne was on the Mound. O'er land,
O'er sea, Disorder's storms were blown:
THE GLORYING FIEND REJOICED ALONE!

# ADAM AND EVE.

## FURTHER REFLECTIONS

ON

## PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE LIFE.

# FURTHER REFLECTIONS

ON

# PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE LIFE.

## Dream continued.†

Again I dreamt.....
A trance had charm'd my soul.

* * * * * *

Spectator no more; acting now my part...
By Angels soon escorted, side to side,
We strolled, conversing; not of things long past;
Nor yet of things, that morrows should reveal.
But each rehearsing favors, granted late,
To Heaven's celestial Bann'd, "comprising me,"
Me, just transformed, whose soul, by Grace transfused,
First Blessed of millions more, with fates alike
Awaiting them, am hence allowed to speed
Through destinies, as mystic as bountiful,
Until redeemed, atoned for, and restored!...

† See pages 11 to 31.

Thus we stroll'd; thus communed—O happy time!...

* * * * * *

The sun declining fast, my spotless mates,
On wings outspread withdrew:
In haste, their blissful states
To reach,
They each,
In whirls ascending, flew.

Alone retiring slow, some grove I sought,
To court refreshing sleep—
O happiest state! Methought,
Had I,
Close by,
A genial friend to meet!

* * * *

ADAM.

Then, dreaming still, on mossy turf reclining,
I seemed that man, just made, who stood before
His Maker's face, a perfect masterpiece
Of Godlike frame. Erect like HIM, endowed
With gifts so vast, so wonderful, that Heaven,
Like earth, appeared a well-remembered realm
Of bliss to me, Fair Eden, inferior much!...

All sentient powers, awhile, from self abstracted,
A Part withdrawn me-seemed had left, unfelt,
My person's side.....

And now, a vision loomed,

Impressive, terror-with-delight-conferring,
From out a mass immense of clouds assembled...

Strange sense returned; my feelings instant rousing,
Though not yet roused the dormant flesh,
Weigh'd down and clogg'd by leaden slumbers still,
I, rapt, attentive, wonderstruck, appalled;
" O'ercome with gladness too," my gaze transferred
To columns deep, emerging and deploying,
In wide array, of seraph-like and cherub
Phantoms ethereal...So far reach'd their ranks;
So high, so low, so vastly spread o'er endless space,
That, infinite, although my visual powers
Had dreaming grown, not e'en th' angelic ken,
I now possessed, a millionth part could span
Of that huge multitude, whose eyes, amazed,
Were all converged on me!!!
On whom besides?...

* * * * * *

EVE.

Converg'd, besides, those eyes appear'd, on Two:—
THAT ONE, with majesty, with might endow'd!!!
An Angel bright of earthly mould was This...
On bended knees, we, grateful both, low bowed,
To God uniting thanks, for so much bliss...
Echoed, to boundless praise our Te Deums grew.

Praise universal, hymned by countless voices
Throughout th' Empyrean Vault, and most of all
By souls immaculate, of angels pure,
Too firmly bound, by Heavenly love, to fall!
Whom Satan's wiles, oft tried, could ne'er allure;
At sight of whom, e'en God our Lord rejoices!

But many more their rapture proved by sighs:
Repentant host, though driven from states divine,
Would kneel, devote, in adoration true,
Were Evil's Chief, by chastisement condign,
Hurled to perdition, to destruction too,
Away from those o'er whom his Malice plies.

" Oh! would that, opportune, some chance could be,
" Whereby Temptation might, for evermore,
" Leave our celestial homes to Love and Bliss!"
Were heard two spirits, fervent, to outpour,
As down they sank within the dark abyss,
Aye! ne'er again, perhaps, lost Heaven to see!

Those Two, what mighty arm? what bounteous will
Redeemingly, forgivingly upholds?...
Their prayer, victorious o'er Thy just award!
O! yes, for them it is this world unfolds
Its gifts, its unexpected high reward!...
The Saviour's mercies sternest Justice fill.

This seeing, those eyes, on us still converging,
With joy, the pure; with hate, the envious mark...
Their friends not lost, to some who know the end;
To others, less inspired, a legend dark...
To all a token that He doth yet extend
His Grace on earth, through Mercy's means diverging.

Thus Adam, in my Dream, was I; and Eve,
The beauteous and the pure, that mate bestowed
By God on me: we both, fallen souls first tried...
The Fiend, descending soon, with triumph glowed;
To ruin us straight an excellent plan he spied,
Well knowing we, so weak, would lies believe.

He little deemed how well his fell design,
Successful, has th' intended purpose served,
By Provident Benevolence ordained...
Through him we fell; through him have all deserved
Mysterious paths to tread, by time explained;
For him, sad bane; for us, a prize divine!

* * * * * *

## REFLECTIONS.

*Seventh Series.*

Honest Logician...Judge impartial, say,
That " First of men," why, why created HE?...
That woman, too, First mother of her kind,
So frail, so prone to fall, why left HE there,
" Defenceless unsuspicious prey," to guiles,
Before the least of which e'en angels yielded,
Thus sullied and undone?...
And why? Say on,
Unmindful of results; for none can be,
Save approbatory—Thy motives pure;
Thine aim?...Increase of Glory to thy God!...
The guerdon sought, for venturing so to speak?...
Additional encouragement from Heaven,
Conferred by inspiration, for thy zeal.

O! why, then, why THE KIND REDEEMER PRESENT,
When, the Great Spirit moved upon the face
Of those dark waters? when, OUR GOD next said:
" Let there be light?"...
And when the HOLY GHOST,
The COMFORTER Himself, assisted there?...

Might not thine Answer be, most reverential,
" That fair Creation, that Salvation, BOTH,
" Were not for Adam and for Eve alone,
" But for those hapless angels cast away,
" Through retribution just, but mitigated
" By Love's atonement, and by sanctifying
" Commiserating Grace?"
Thy next reply;
Might it not rationally be?.....

* * * * * *

ADMONITORY.

" No, Dreamer;
" It could not be!"...
That Voice benign, once more,
Abruptly interposed—" Not rational,
" Nor reverent!...Does not the potter fashion
" His plastic clay, according to his will?...
" Thy thoughts, suggestive, have as yet, agreed
" With wise ratiocinations, tempered right,
" As human thoughts should be..."
What! There to warn,
To check, to guide, as Thou, so friendly didst,
Dread Evil luring me, when one step more
Th' avenging bolt had drawn on me!...I cried...

" Thy bold Replies, too bold are grown,
" Most prudently, th' Eternal Throne
" Should mortals dare t' approach!
" Thou venturest now t' encroach
" On awful ground...
" Make thy Reflections clear, and sound
" As could be found."

Are queries wrong? May not all creatures ask,
What best may help, complete, to make their task?

" We read thy queries right; we know
" Thou meanest them for ' facts ' to go...
" The last, in haste to thee,
" From furthest space, brought me...
" A check I bring:
" Both, morally and meekly sing!
" To reason cling!"...

## Expositive.

No meaning's mine, to give the least offence;
I aim to set down nought, but common sense...
'Tis true, I wished to make appear that God,
Formed Man, for purpose better than to plod,
With Eve, in Paradise a weary life,
Next, on this sphere, exposed to fruitless strife.
A motive seems, to Wisdom such, required,
That earthly woes, in frightful guise attired,
And all the many tribulations felt,
Should be by souls deserved and justly dealt.

With mental powers endowed, so great and vast,
Mayn't we conclude that, t' evoke the Past,
The Present scrutinize; the future solve,
On those, who deeply ponder, may devolve?

A Fact exists, no Christian pen or tongue,
To holy truths, through Faith, that ever clung,
Could dare ignore, less still misunderstand!...
" That fierce temptations were to fill that Land

" Which God created, and His Son controls;
" On which, that Son was sent to save our souls;
" In which, His Spirit, too, was left to dwell,
" As guard and shield, against the snares of Hell."
A fact, so positive, that Christian Creeds
Containing it, through ages gone, by deeds
Heroic; deaths of martyrs, burnt on stakes;
The gore of armies slain; the thousand aches
Of tens of thousands more, devote and true;
Have been, must be upheld, long ages through!

* * * * * *

## Colloquial.

" Intentions, so replete with faith, thou'rt sure,
" Will gain disciples to thy side...
" Thy notions none can blame; abide,
" And hold by th' Holy Word, thou'lt prosper more!...

" It may, and may not be that fallen souls,
" As sinful men transformed, are we.
" No matter 'tis, so long as He
" Thy saintly thoughts, thy love sincere unfolds..."

So far am I, believe me, heavenly guardian,
From worldly pride or mean ambitious views,
That, sooner would I, snatch'd from earthly fame,
Spoiled of all chance of gain, be rendered null,
Aye, impotent until my latest day,
Than risk, a single moment, to displease
That God, whose praise I so devoutly long
Incessantly to sound!...Let rather bolts,
From wrathful clouds, on me descend!...fierce whirlwinds
The paths I tread destroy!...All I, devoutly,

Beneath the skies, set love or value on,
For e'er be lost to me!...If renegade
To Christian fealty, by thought or word,
Or step intentional, I should offend
That Lord, so merciful, who died for me!

* * * * * *

## Solacing.

" When such the feelings are of pious men,
" Mistaken, though their words may seem;
" Always, for them, sweet mercies beam,
" And angels veil all th' errors of their pen!...

" To think that Jesus Christ, with God presiding
" When worlds were made, Redemption shows;
" But clearly proves thy trust o'erflows,
" In ' All-sufficient ' Glorious Grace confiding!...

" To dream that fallen Angels were, from Eve,
" Through generations, earth-condemned,
" Incarnate, too, to be redeemed,
" Seems, Holy Truths, but strictly to believe.

" To date the doom of man, from Satan's fall,
" Thy faith displays, as most devout:
" He who sav'd Man, not one dare doubt,
" Could Angels save, the worst, as well as all!

" A Saviour, Son of God, all worlds before,
" Means not for earthly sins alone,
" But past apostasies t' atone,
" By floods of mercies, sent from kind Heaven's store.

" There's no transgression named, for praising God...
" With Love too deep, with zeal too great;
" His Grace, with power commensurate,
" Might cleanse the foulest fiend that ever trod.

" Thy just reflections, now, thou may'st resume...
" None can object to Wisdom's pleas,
" For proving kind the Lord's decrees,
" E'en when they, most, His sternest wrath assume.

* * * * * *

## Recapitulatory.

Farewell, my serious thoughts, on sacred themes,
My soul absorbing dreams of Heaven, farewell!...
Though brief the time consumed in visions bright,
Of glorious hosts, and spheres celestial, beaming
Effulgent rays, through skies of azure blue,
Of worth to me, surpassing mines of gold
And jewels rare; Farewell!...O! visions past!...
Would that, far from returning here, to things
Material, e'en the best but loathsome dross,
I, rapt in endless dreams, supremely blest,
Could lead, admiringly adoring Him,
The Great, the Just, Benevolent and Good,
A pure immortal state of Adoration!...

O! when my wond'ring sight observ'd Creation's
Most marv'lous works; when, next, my mind conceived
Its purpose and its end, its motive, too,
Forgive, Thou source Divine of sweet compassion
And sympathy, forgive, if dreaming thus
I stirred, unconsciously, Thy wrath?...It was

Because I thought the myst'ry clearly solved,
" Concealment now no longer sought " which veiled
Thy boundless, inconceivable design.

* * * * * *

To all dear Christian friends, sincere this prayer
Is humbly made, that they, to no presumptuous
Intent or wish, these thoughtful lines ascribe...
A constant Dream, by night, by day, my soul
Incessantly possessing, I, at last,
Obedient bowed, submissive to the goad...
The things so beautiful, herein described,
Not oft, but constantly, through visions, both
Awake and sleeping, I've, transported, felt
And heard, observed, and seen above, around
And under me revealed.

What pains I took,
To banish, from my troubled heart, the stings
Inflicted there, by doubts incredulous,
Not men could tell, for seldom men are found,
Unbiassed and unshackled, so as, dauntless,
To speak their mind...That aid, so much desired,
Me failing, yet devoutly wishing still,
All worldly counsels I, for e'er rejected,
When supernatural intuitions, sudden
My soul impelling, drove me, now inspired,
In testamentary divine Commands
To seek assistance last...
Great Bible store!
On Thee, O! truly philanthropic mentor,
My whole belief I confidently lay!...
I read, and read, and read again thy pages through;
Those pages most, wherein, through HIM abound

Excessive Love, Forgiveness, and, declared
So many times, God's Charity to Man...
  Thou art our Saviour's voice, our Comforter's
Diurnal monitor, and, ever present
Disinterested Guide...

Indeed, indeed!
The real sum, in full, of Christian Hope;
O world! O human kind! O good and evil
Things, animate, or next to live! It is...
God's Merciful and All-sufficient Love.

* * * * * *

# STAR-LIGHT.

"God made the Stars also."—Gen. i. 16.

"Praise Him,..all ye stars of night."—Psalm cxviii. 3.

## Appeal.

Benign and calm companions of dumb Darkness,
Attune our thoughts, by startling themes o'erwhelmed...
O! likewise, let our grateful hearts conjoin
Their solemn hymns of truthful praise with yours?

How great, how good; how sympathetically
Benevolent, is that Forgiving Lord,
By whom, ye stars, ye moon, ye countless spheres,
Were made!...Not made to meet a present aim,
Distinct and separate from past design,
Unlink'd with wise ulterior schemes, foreknown...

* * * * * *

Nay, nay!...such stars as ye, such worlds were not,
As temp'ral globes, by lavish will, in space
Propelled, to whirl, to shine, to last in vain!
For ages more keep whirling on—A period
Is drawing near, when glories such as yours,
And glories, too, of this sublunar ball
Shall quickly pass away, and...
Who can tell
What ye, what we shall be—God's will be done!

## Aspiration.

I.

But, Lights so bland, of stars wide-spread,
What peaceful joys your gleams convey!
Unlike the sheen of solar Day,
Your rays suit best the lowly bred.

II.

O! tell us, How the Life that's led,
By Angels, on your mystic orbs,
Their blest existence most absorbs,
So far from Mercy's Fountain-Head?...

III.

Are there poor creatures doomed to Die,
As here, for sins on earth confined?
Through hateful lures and wiles designed
Deep wrongs to do, then weep and sigh?...

## Suggestion.

IV.

Yes, Stars of Light; sad beings dwell,
Transformed, on all your hemispheres;
Of Angels, late disgraced compeers—
They're banished so, because they fell...

V.

Yes, Stars of Light, His Mercy willed
That fallen souls, from earth removed;
By bitter tribulations proved,
And with dear-bought experience filled;

VI.

Regenerated and redeemed,
Should, last of all, on earth return;
Through Grace Divine, their Pardon earn,
As ransomed souls, by Judgment deemed!!

* * * *

Contributive, fair satellites of systems,
As marvelous as this; whose self-perfections
By far, no doubt, transcend all wonders known,
Imagined or inspired; dreamt or preconceived;
Are ye not all, those stars of night, addressed
In David's songs?...On whom, entranced, he called
To praise that God from whom all blessings flow?...

O! Stars of day, besides, were ye not meant,
So wide dispersed, all through unbounded space;
Your discs, like ours conformed, revolving too,
With suns and moons provided, as we are;
Were ye not meant, in seeming, so terrestrial,
Likewise to be, for mortal or immortal
Inhabitants, occasional retreats?
Homes penitential? Lands retributive?
With Earth subservient to His Mercy's ends?

Indeed, you must have been; you still must be!
The Lord of Sabaoth is not vindictive,
Not cruel, neither is our God implacable...
He draws the sword, when Justice bids it done;
But Jesus wields the blade that strikes the blow...
The Holy Spirit heals in time the wound,
So, NONE CAN SAY THAT GRACE DOES NOT ABOUND!

* * * * * *

## Wishes and Sighs.

Whate'er my trials might entail,
  Through sorrows or through bod'ly pains,
That present suff'rings might avail
  To help remove my moral stains;
    O! what great bliss,
      For me, it would then be
      To happier regions see,
        Away, away from this!

What matters distance, when Heaven's Grace
  With Might so great cooperates!...
Eternal time, like boundless space,
  Obedient bend, when Mercy waits...
    Here once He came,
      To order chaos wake;
      His fiats, systems shake!
        The Lord, the Lord's his name.

Dear stars, farewell! again to meet...
  Would that it were "to-morrow" called,
When both we might each other greet!...
  For new probations fresh installed,
    I might regain,
      By saving Love divine,
      That place, which once was mine,
        And there, and there remain!

* * * *

# ANNOTATIONS AND ADDENDA

RESPECTING

## DOCTRINAL POINTS AND PARADOXICAL SUGGESTIONS.

### DREAMS AND REFLECTIONS.

Introductory Authorities. p. 5.

We further add:—"The Father of all Mercies, and God of all "comfort."—2 Cor. i. 3. "His tender mercies are over all his "works."—Psalm cxlv. 9. "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." —Matt. ix. 13. "Blessed are the merciful."—Matt. v. 7.

Acrostic Epitaph. p. 5.

The present acrostical form appeared to us the more suitable, inasmuch as, the Coffin occupying the interior of the superstructure, the name also of the illustrious Departed might very appropriately be embodied within the descriptive appellation of the Royal Offering.

"Her tears, in gushing streams, before Thee falling;" p. 5.

No bereaved Sovereign ever testified sorrowful regrets with more dignity and truth.

" Eternal now, yet faithful still, may be,
" In both your hearts, a pure communing kept..." p. 5.

Figurative address...It is possible that a late father, so affectionate, may be permitted to hover over the scene of former days and earthly joys.

" Sacred Memorial, purest Love's Last Gift:" p. 6.

The Monument is apostrophized, in order to carry out more emphatically the object in view.

Wail. p. 7.

A short Elegy, addressed to the Reader, with the intention of awakening individual sympathy, under a domestic point of view.

Commiseration.

" Who long would weep,
" Were their last sleep
" But slumbers vain!" p. 7.

Implying resurrection...We cannot forego indulging in the persuasion that a state of intermediate existence enables us, instantly after death, spiritually to become active again under some ethereal form.

Condolatory Proem. p. 9.

Respectful Apology: the expressions used in these verses were ventured, depending on kind indulgence.

Supplication. p. 9, l. 7.

" We can't materialize the grief we feel
" But tell our woe, by mournful accents broken."

We have earnestly longed to be in a position humbly to recommend, as a public Memorial, worthy of the philanthropic Prince,

to whom the Nation is so justly desirous to erect a lasting Tribute of respect, the FOUNDATION OF A RETREAT, suitable to the feelings of such inmates, for the reception of *Literary Men* in straitened circumstances.

Numerous Establishments have been liberally founded by the wealthy Companies of the Metropolis, as well as by the enviable commercial and prosperous Dives of Great Britain, throughout her widely-spread possessions, for the laudable purpose of providing *Homes for the Poor*. Trades of all descriptions have their Asylums. Decayed Merchants; disabled Seamen; superannuated Soldiers; infirm men and women of all degrees; houseless and motherless children, have, Praise be to God! their houses of refuge; their well-endowed Dwelling-places; Hospitals; Almshouses; Charities. Where? O! where are there to be found, for men, and women, quite as deserving, and infinitely more susceptible and delicately sensitive, SUITABLE Hearths, by the side of which, destitute Genius, indigent literary Merit, unprovided and improvident Philosophy; reduced Liberality, through benevolent excess; pious Devotedness, regardless of the morrow; distressed Authorship and Oratory; aye, ruined Politics and broken-down Diplomacy; may find a fit shelter for old age and for want?...

Spirit of the Departed! wouldst thou not have nobly been a Benefactor here?...

ALLUSION. p. 9.

"Misanthropist, destroy thy venom'd tongue...
"Malignant hinds, behold!—In loftiest ranks,"

A vast number of arrogantly loquacious individuals are the persons here alluded to.—For the sake of becoming conspicuous, where they otherwise might be perfectly insignificant, you may hear them entertain their hearers with wretched diatribes against the illustrious and high-born of the land, regardless of all reason and truth.

## DWELLINGS OF THE DEAD. p. 11.

### Reflections. *First Series.*

" Entombed, Thou think'st thy peaceful time hath dawned:
" Deluded Mortal!...Read the Book of Truth!"

Fatalists, who believe there is no Hereafter, are deluded Mortals; deluded for a season.

### Interposition.

" What Angel Sounds are those?..." p. 12.

Not unfrequently, a mysterious voice whispers, to impassioned writers, words of great import. We have heard such intuitive whisperings in our nocturnal reflections.

### Reflections. *Second Series.*

" That human Flesh, in pyramids concealed,
" Or burnt within sarcophagi of old," p. 13, l. 11.

It may be permitted, we ardently wish it, to suppose that human remains, after burial, reappear as the bodily recipients of other beings, undergoing a probatory existence of some kind or other, under forms as various as necessities may require. The Ancients termed this regeneration, transmigration, and metempsychosis.

We hope to be able, at some future period, to make this probable, if not positive phenomenon of human resuscitation, not only reasonable, but entitled to indulgent consideration.

### Reflections. *Third Series.*

" What is this Pause, in certain Death?...that myth,
" Now fixed and proved, wherein th' immortal soul,"
p. 15, l. 2.

The more Inquirers endeavour to explain the presence of Evil in

Paradise and that of Crime and Death in the early days of this World's creation, the more they feel inclined to imagine that Mortality must have been with the first existence of Adam, the merciful foundation of a great and bountiful scheme of salvation.

We have never ceased to contemplate the miracles described in the first chapters of Genesis as the first glorious steps taken by the Almighty, through His triple Godhead, towards the Redintegration of the fallen Angels, corrupted and decoyed by the Arch Fiend.

### Satanic Choral Triumph. p. 15.

Evil thoughts constantly invade our best inclinations: those are the perfidious snares used by the Enemy of Mankind, to lead, even the purest and the most pious, into the commission of sin. The language used in the subsequent lines has been necessarily, but reluctantly, adopted, the better to represent the characters logically brought into action.

### Exposition.

" Through undiscovered paths, to find a mean,
" Whereby to solve, with reverence, a Dream." p. 17, l. 7.

Dreams have been of old, and are so still, the singular, may be celestial, conveyers of important revelations, graciously predetermined to be veiled for a time under the form of visions. Were we to be made acquainted too suddenly with the ways of Providence, our amazement might be so great that most deplorable results might ensue.

### The Dream.

" Beneath, apparently compelled to hide,
" Vast myriads more of ' other forms' stood still..."
p. 15.

Supposing that, during the miraculous works of Creation, Angels assembled from all parts of Heaven to witness the wonders per-

formed; it may be fairly inferred that myriads of those unhappy spirits, rightfully driven from the Divine Presence, as victims of demoniacal temptations, would be there likewise. We have endeavoured to represent Satan amongst them as the most interested spectator of them all.

" Each living thing on earth, at present moving,
" Had serv'd His ranks to thin, whose name is ' Fiend:' "
p. 22.

Considering the Serpent under the aspect of a perfect example of transmigration, we imagine as probable that a vast number of the fallen angels were compelled to take refuge within the bodies of other animals, in imitation of their Tempter and Seducer: there are several examples more of this undeniable case of metempsychosis in the Holy Scriptures.

First Man.

" ' A still small voice,' and soon, a Second spoke;
" A Third, in sound the same, but louder each," p. 27.

" After the fire a still small voice."—1 Kings xix. 12. The two other voices are, that of our Saviour, and that of the Holy Ghost. As the three persons in the blessed Trinity are perfectly distinct, so must be their voices, so must be their actions, so must be their motives, and yet not three voices, but one voice; not three actions, but one action; not three motives, but one motive: voices, actions, and motives, emanating from the Almighty's Single, Omnipotent, Benevolent, and Comforting Will.

Epilogue.

" Thy future labors ponder well!
" We know th' important topics fixed," p. 29.

A word or two in this place will perhaps be kindly allowed, regarding the variety of metres adopted throughout these pages?...

Having often had poems to read before audiences, we as often observed that whatever merit those poems contained, their length, when they were long, invariably tired out the hearers. A dozen pages of verses of the same metre seldom obtain unabated attention. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Young's "Night Thoughts," were, amongst others, the beautiful works which led us to venture on the present poetical innovation. We hope our earnest endeavours to deserve the approbation of the Press, as well as that of our Friends, will stand us in lieu of a well-tempered coat of mail against the many severe cuts *d'estoc et de taille* we no doubt shall run a good chance to receive.

FURTHER REFLECTIONS. p. 65.

"But each rehearsing favors, granted late,
"To Heaven's celestial Bann'd, 'comprising me,'"

Referring to our existence, as Adam, in the Garden of Eden; we dreamt that we not only communed with Angels, but walked with God, as it is stated in Genesis.

EVE. p. 68.

"THOSE TWO, what mighty arm?....."

Supposing the Almighty, his merciful Grace suddenly abounding, determines to save the banished Spirits HE has just driven from Heaven; may we not further imagine that His Omnipotent Will, seconding this object, is that Mighty Arm checking those two, Adam and Eve, in their fall? Might they not be the least sinful of the myriads expelled?

EXPOSITIVE. p. 71.

"Formed Man, for purpose better than to plod,"

Argumentative language, used conditionally. We respectfully suppose, and consequently argue.

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STAR-LIGHT. p. 77.

" .....Not made to meet a present aim,
" Distinct and separate from past design,"

How happy, how thankful, millions of transgressors would be, were it possible to prove that all these suppositions have become facts! They are so in our minds, thanks be unto God! Would that all could think as we do, and all be ultimately justified, by Divine Revelation, in thinking so!

AMRAPHEL.

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